

Something New by amaterasv

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Summary:

Steve and Billy are sitting in Steve's dining room, Steve is wrapping Billy's knuckles

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Author's Note:

This is my first time posting anything I've written, so here goes nothing. Also thanks to my writing buddies from Groupme!

Steve is trying to ignore the purple bruise blossoming on Billy's jaw, the split in his lip, and the soft painful groan he makes when Steve touches his stomach. He knows how much the blonde hates his pity but he can't help himself. Instead he tries to focus on bandaging the broken boy, hoping he's willing to talk about why he showed up on his doorstep at 10:30 at night.

They had done this once before, Billy had been drinking which was stupid. He peeled out of his driveway after his dad had gave him a beating, for what he couldn't remember. He had nearly taken off two mailboxes before he reached Steve's. He went to knock on the door when it opened suddenly revealing a drowsy Steve in a pair of sleep pants. He reluctantly let him in after smelling the alcohol on his breath. Nothing happened, Billy crashed on the couch and left before Steve woke up the next morning. That started their weird little friendship. Billy would tease him at school, keeping his rep as grade A asshole. But in the quiet times, in the school parking lot, they would share a look that told of more. Steve couldn't describe it and he nearly asked Dustin what it might mean, that kid was wiser than most. And now again Steve is holding Billy's bloody hand in both of his. He can see the blonde is tired, the facade is slipping and he just looks exhausted.

Steve presses his lips lightly to the tips of Billy's fingers. He pulls away quickly and drops Billy's hand remembering himself. He glances at Billy whose jaw is painfully tight, eyes wide, nostrils flaring with every large audible breath. Steve looks down, mentally scolding himself for being so forward, and touchy.

"What do you think your doing, Harrington?" The meanness in his voice is less vicious and more defensive. Steve looks up again and Billy's face is a mixture of shock, pain, and something else he can't

quiet place. He looks more than broken, he looks lost. Steve wants to help him, show him a better path. He tries to convey with his face that he is ready and willing to help Billy. And Billy just can't take it, the brunette's eyes are so open and receiving, Billy trails his eyes down to Steve's lips and he's unsure if he can hold back these dangerous feelings. He wants to kiss him, to hold him, to have him and never give him up. He knows he can't have that without the consequence that is his father, and Steve doesn't deserve that. Billy finally relaxes a little and puts his other less injured hand on the table. Steve takes the hint, even if a little surprised by it, and starts to work on Billy's other hand. He pulls another roll of gauze from the first aid kit sitting on the table. He bought it after his night out with the kids. He didn't know when Billy Hargrove or a pack demodogs would try to kill him again, so he figured be prepared.

Steve takes his time, focusing on making sure it's not too tight, pointedly avoiding Billy's eyes that are watching him intently.

Billy tries grounding himself, but Steve's soft touches make him feel as though he's floating. He tries to rein back his emotions, suppress what he can and deal with it later. But Steve is making it impossible, he watches as the brunette finishes what he's doing and starts to draw Billy's hand closer to him. He places his lips gently against the blonde's palm. Steve doesn't even understand what he's trying to accomplish, but the other boy's lack of action gives him confidence enough to continue. He moves down to his wrist, this time locking eyes with Billy in a different kind of challenging look. Billy is still tense, unsure what to do or how to react. He's only ever dreamed of this kind of intimacy, the hookups he's had could never make him so breathless.

He finally decides to throw caution into the wind and just take what he wants. He maneuvers the hand Steve is still placing chaste kisses to to cup his cheek. He leans forward into the other teen's space, he hesitates only slightly but continues when he hears a small gasp come from Steve. When their lips meet Billy feels Steve tense and he immediately starts to regret every decision he's made up to this point. He almost backs off when he feels two hands grip onto his waist. Billy is nearly falling out of his chair to get closer to Steve. Pushing further into him, his hand moving to tangle in his hair, his tongue

dipping into that pretty little mouth.

He tries to push away everything, to lose himself in this moment but the pain brings him back. The ache in his jaw turns to sharp pain as he deepens the kiss. He hisses at the suddenness of it, and frowns as Steve pulls away. Steve gives Billy a knowing look and places his hands on Billy's chest. "Easy there big guy. Don't want to make things worse."

Steve pushes Billy gently until he's leaned back in his chair with Steve standing over him. Billy's hands land on his hips and his eyes raise to stare up at the brunette. Steve gets lost in those ocean eyes as he leans down to place a kiss on Billy's lips. Again it's slow and softer than Billy is used to, but so right. Steve breaks the kiss and leans his forehead against Billy's. "So what now?"

He hears Billy groan in annoyance. "You're ruining it." Billy was trying to think of anything other than the future. The fact that he'll have to let go of Steve, that he'll have to return home, he wanted desperately to forget his responsibilities. Steve could sense Billy's tension, he felt the grip on his hips tighten. He moved his hands to take hold of both of Billy's, effectively freeing himself from the vice like hold.

"Come on, let's watch some tv." He lead the blonde over to his living room, practically shoving him onto the couch. He took a seat next to Billy and picked up the remote, flipping through channels, until they both settle on a rerun of 'Cheers'. As Carla and Diane have another cat fight, Steve watches out of the corner of his eye Billy sliding closer to him and putting his arm along the back of the couch. It's such a fucking guy move, Steve has to fight himself not to laugh. Instead he plays into it, cozing up to Billy, laying his head on the other teen's shoulder. Billy fights down the urge to smile and relaxes into this ridiculously domestic scene. They fall asleep to sounds of a tv laugh track, lazily draped on the couch, warm and with a new sense of home.

Author's Note:

If you like this or want to see more of my mediocre writing leave a comment or kudos! Thanks so much!